Emil. By that you would have pitty in another,
By your owne vertues infinite.
Hip. By valour,
By all the chaſte nights I have ever pleaſd you,
Theſ. Theſe are ſtrange Conjurings. (our dangers,
Per. Nay then Ile in too: By all our friendſhip Sir, by all
By all you love moſt, warres; and this ſweet Lady.
Emil. By that you would have trembled to deny
A bluſhing Maide.
Hip. By your owne eyes: By ſtrength
In which you ſwore I went beyond all women,
Almoſt all men, and yet I yeelded *Theſeus.*
Per. To crowne all this; By your moſt noble ſoule
Which cannot want due mercie, I beg firſt.
Hip. Next heare my prayers.
Emil. Laſt let me intreate Sir.
Per. For mercy.
Hip. Mercy.
Emil. Mercy on theſe Princes.
Theſ. Ye make my faith reele: Say I felt
Compaſſion to'em both, how would you place it?
Emil. Vpon their lives: But with their baniſhments.
Theſ. You are a right woman, Siſter; you have pitty,
But want the vnderſtanding where to uſe it.
If you deſire their lives, invent a way
Safer then baniſhment: Can theſe two live
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
The'yld fight about you; howrely bring your honour
In publique queſtion with their Swords; Be wiſe then
And here forget 'em; it concernes your credit,
And my oth equally: I have ſaid they die,
Better they fall by'th law, then one another.
Bow not my honor.
Emil. O my noble Brother,
That oth was raſhly made, and in your anger,
Your reaſon will not hold it, if ſuch vowes
Stand for expreſſe will, all the world muſt periſh.

Beſide

Beſide, I have another oth, gainſt yours
Of more authority, I am ſure more love,
Not made in paſſion neither, but good heede.
Theſ. What is it Siſter?
Per. Vrge it home brave Lady.
Emil. That you would nev'r deny me any thing
Fit for my modeſt ſuit, and your free granting:
I tye you to your word now, if ye fall in't,
Thinke how you maime your honour;
(For now I am ſet a begging Sir, I am deafe
To all but your compaſſion) how their lives
Might breed the ruine of my name; Opinion,
Shall any thing that loves me periſh for me?
That were a cruell wiſedome, doe men proyne
The ſtraight yong Bowes that bluſh with thouſand Bloſſom
Becauſe they may be rotten? O Duke *Theſeus*
The goodly Mothers that have groand for theſe,
And all the longing Maides that ever lov'd,
If your vow ſtand, ſhall curſe me and my Beauty,
And in their funerall ſongs, for theſe two Coſens
Deſpiſe my crueltie, and cry woe worth me,
Till I am nothing but the ſcorne of women;
For heavens ſake ſave their lives, and baniſh 'em.
Theſ. On what conditions?
Emil. Sweare 'em never more
To make me their Contention, or to know me,
To tread upon thy Dukedome, and to be
Where ever they ſhall travel, ever ſtrangers to one another.
Pal. Ile be cut a peeces
Before I take this oth, forget I love her?
O all ye gods diſpiſe me then: Thy Baniſhment
I not miſlike, ſo we may fairely carry
Our Swords, and cauſe along: elſe never trifle,
But take our lives Duke, I muſt love and will,
And for that love, muſt and dare kill this Coſen
On any peece the earth has.
Theſ. Will you *Arcite*
Take theſe conditions?

Pal